

October, 1958

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CHRIST ENTHRONED IN HEAVEN

Fra Angelico

The Feast of Christ the King (the last Sunday in October) falls on October 26th this year

Almighty and everlasting God, who didst will to restore all things in thy well beloved son, the King of kings and Lord of lords; mercifully grant that all the kindreds of the earth, set free from the calamity of sin, may be brought under his most gracious dominion, through the same Jesus Christ thy Son, our Lord, who with thee, in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, livest and reigneth, world without end. Amen.

The Holy Cross Magazine

Oct.



1958

Hail To The Chief!

BY JOSEPH H. BESSOM, O.H.C.

THE Holy Cross Liberian Mission log has the following entry for October 1933: "Fr. Prior and most of the school boys went to Siakpawa to meet Fr. Parsell. All got back to Bolahun at 5:30 and we had benediction as an act of Thanksgiving. Fr. Parsell is in fine condition and has a beautiful red beard."

It is recorded of him that he went to Ko'ahun on the following Wednesday for a Perpetual Residence. Seven days later he took a walk. The records give us no more information and leave us gasping at the thought of the present Prior living a life of leisure in Bolahun. The undramatic duty of language study soon gave him a background in Mende and a stepping stone to Ban'li, the language of the tribe with which his life became so closely entwined.

The red beard was soon active at St. Philip's School, in the Bandi preaching circuit, and later in the supervision of the carpenters. While Fr. Baldwin took the Loma work under his special care, and Fr. Kroll the

Kisi, Fr. Parsell became mainly responsible for what was done for the Bandi people.

It is in this tribe, of course, that the Holy Cross Liberian Mission has its center, the chief cultural institution they know. The tribe's pretty, Italian-like tongue was in grave danger. Mende was spreading in Liberia as well as Sierra Leone, had long been reduced to writing, and was used for an increasing literature. Mende was even being used for a good deal of the services in St. Mary's Church, Bolahun.

When Fr. Parsell espoused the Bandi people, he began to make their tongue also a literary one. The first project was a little book of hymns and prayers, a mimeograph job. This booklet quite drove the Mende things from the church and palaver houses (in which the village preaching and teaching was done). His next venture was the Bandi Gospels, all the selections read at mass from the Prayer Book and Missal. This book was produced by the S.P.C.K. even while the bombs rained down on London. It came into

use in 1942 so now there were two Bandi volumes. These two productions made Bandi a written language with a future. A school-boy who learned to read would find material in his own speech, would find the most important art of civilization in his own dear home tongue, which then he could not only love but also respect.

This turning out of Christian material in the vernacular was in keeping with traditions of the Episcopal Mission in Liberia. At Cape Palmas and at Cape Mount much work had been done to give the aboriginal people God's Word and worship in their own languages. The missions of our Church were the chief providers of reading and worshipping material in the Republic of Liberia.

As his influence grew in the Mission, his enthusiasm for schools and outstations helped much to plant the activities of the Mission in strategic places throughout that stretch of the upper hinterland which seemed to be workable if every member of the staff would do his part and somewhat more. Vezela became a staffed outpost in 1940 and Kpangehimba a bit later. The long defunct Kpandemai was manned in 1944 (but more effectively in 1946). The Kisi tribe received a staffed mission in 1944 at Foya Dundu. The extension of schools to Vahun and Gondolahun, about 1948, gave the Fathers and Sisters a lot more mileage to tramp out and might have seemed unwise. But these sites had already been applied for by another missionary group which would have encircled us if they had not been refused them by the government on grounds of our occupancy. The generous policy paid.

The Chief's talent for administration and construction meant that he had to stay more and more in Bolahun to run things and put up buildings. In 1948 he was made Prior, and his visiting of the distant places had to be rare.

His new duties did not end his efforts for the Bandi language. The booklet of Bandi worship materials was enlarged and printed as a good-sized manual. He supervised the literary work of native and foreign workers.

The Gospels according to Matthew and John are recent additions. The number of religious and secular books he has helped make or has made do equip the little town with the most extensive literature of any excepting the Loma people of the Zorzor area. The Lutheran work of translation rode the crest of the Laubach world literacy crusade and has made the Episcopalian effort on coast and in hinterland definitely second place. (The Lutherans now require missionaries to learn a native tongue—pass the exams or you don't come back.)

Mention has not yet been made of the school advancement in Bolahun itself. The old St. Philip's School became a full eight grades venture in 1940, and its graduates were usually given scholarships to take high school work at Cape Mount. As classes increased, it became too expensive a proposition and our own high school was begun in 1947 in the native staff house. This first secondary school in the Liberian Interior has become a stable enterprise with thirty odd students and increasingly well equipped. The Sisters' school had served the Bariba tribe in a good, modest way but it really began to expand when Loma and Kisi girls began coming in numbers. Education-minded Sisters conspired with the Prior to make schooling compulsory in Bolahun, the only town so constituted in the whole country. A new compound of open-air classrooms, library pavilions, was built for this quite successful venture. This was a stroke of genius because Bolahun, as a place that paid real wages and gave "social security," attracted youngsters with or without parents.

Zincs, timbers, cement bags, nails, tools and time have been the six demons riding Fr. Parsell these many years of the Mission's increased speed. Construction has fought with Administration for his working hours. He did the finishing of the great church and has had to design and supervise the erection of the buildings that have housed the personnel and projects. Nothing much can be done by wet people. Of the making of sturdy homes, chapels, medical facilities, office and storage places there has been no end, and no end is in sight. Evangelism, Education,

icine AND Construction are the missionary program.

Relief from pain or fear through medical means is naturally the chief-sought boon of the Mission. Fr. Parsell has promoted this work by getting people to operating the health activities and providing new buildings. The big leprosy work could not have come about his help. St. Joseph's Hospital loses its fame even if governmental agencies en-



THE BOLAHUN PRIOR

avor now to handle some of the problems of native disease.

A very fortunate venture has been the enlisting of young English and American college or high school graduates for various jobs as unpaid volunteers during two-year terms, living in the mission family and sharpening their talents on any variety of routine or emergency projects.

The Prior's ready grasp of possibilities helped the Mission to end its isolation (ten days' walk from Monrovia) through a series of steps in transportation. Dr. Beasley brought in the first jeep, on impromptu bridges, in 1952. All resources of the Mission were put to work so that a few places at least might be reached speedily and a portion of the supplies brought in on tires, not on men's heads. The making of roads became almost top priority. Eventually and at a great cost in time and effort, three things were accomplished: some of our stations were made accessible by car; juncture was made with the roads that lead to very important places like the airport, Monrovia and other west African centers; and supplies depend no longer on headloading.

Mention of the air port brings to mind the complex of changes of late years. Diamonds were found so plentifully in nearby Sierra Leone that it became highly profitable to export them through Liberia, avoiding the controlled price. That brought a twice-weekly plane to the neighborhood, took some laborers out of productive work, and made for inflation. Laborers were already lured in numbers to the plantations, or found it so profitable to work at processing palm kernels and new pay opportunities that "nobody" was left to carry loads for the Mission or anyone else. Motor transportation came none too soon. The Mission had to shift from the old shilling economy to the new dollar one. It was fortunate that the Prior was a man able to move with the times, or the Holy Cross Liberian Mission might have been left quaint and obsolete.

The writer remembers the celebration of Fr. Parsell's 15th anniversary, at tables set up under the mango trees by St. Mary's Church. The Chief was taken down the hill in a hammock, which even, by that time was a symbol of honor rather than a means of transportation. He closed his eyes and smiled, touched by the native tribute. At the "banquet" the most appropriate word was spoken by a catechist who said, "He is our master



Surrounded by students of St. Mark's College, Nigeria

and our servant." These words might have been uttered by any member of the Mission so true are they to the way of his rule and service. The great changes have taken place between banquets. If the country makes equally momentous shifts between Fr. Prior's twenty-fifth anniversary and some other, we can expect him to be ready to advance to meet them.

Right now another improvement is being effected which can bring about radio diffusion of the Gospel through the villages. Fr. Parsell cannot now walk his old Bandi circuit, but it will be possible for settlements more than twenty times the number of those to which he used to tramp to hear his voice speak the words of truth and life. Radio

preaching in our Bandi towns may be our biggest of all piece of evangelism. (The importance of short-wave communication with the coast and with West Park is something else too!)

Our Holy Cross Family will join in our thankfulness that he has given twenty-five years to God and His African children. Although he has suffered more than his fellow workers from tropical ailments, he has accomplished this Silver Jubilee in the Golden Continent.

Will this veteran and steady-plugger, this innovator, this giver of Holy Writ to a tribe come to be known as the "Apostle to the Bandis?"

Almighty God, we thank thee for having preserved thy servant Joseph in work for thy kingdom these many years, and we pray that thou wilt keep him and his deeds in thy loving care during the years to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



African Odyssey

BY GEORGE R. METCALF

The phone rings: "Father, I am ferrying DC-3 to Angola next week, and I wonder if you would like to join the crew as far as Liberia?" With this invitation last May Northwest Airlines Senior Pilot Harry Mulron set in motion the forces that picked me up in Montreal, stranded me in Lisbon, dropped me at Roberts Field, swept me on wings again to Foya Kamara and the rugged road to Bolahun.

Harry knew that my licenses both as Private Pilot and as Radio Operator would make me useful; and I knew that even a brief stay in Liberia at Holy Cross Mission would help planning the radio communication installations with which the Order had entrusted me. Furthermore our Christian friends at Radio Village on the coast were cordially urgent about a visit from the radio operator who had been talking to them from America for so many months. The parish could spare me, the funds were available, and the need was clear.—Evidently desire plus opportunity made true vocation. God said, "Go!" Therefore, with some uneasiness, I went.

I cannot deny that I had misgivings about crossing the Atlantic with only two engines, a pair of cylinder heads, and an assortment of disconnected oil drums for auxiliary fuel supply. The latter replaced the passenger seats so that we had no place to lay our heads. Moreover the radio gear to be operated had Portuguese labels, the static was heavy, and the garbled English of Santa Maria Control, over a Berish almost impossible to understand. Fortunately the DC-3's hydraulic system broke down at Lisbon, and so I had to "go commercial" on an American's luxury DC-6 at Roberts Field.

Here Dale Graber and five grand Christian people from Radio Village met me at midnight, drove me forty miles in a deluge

through fallen rubber trees, and fed me royally at 2 A.M. Five hours later came breakfast, a dash into Monrovia, the waiver of immigration formalities by gracious officials—all which made possible my flying up-country at 9 A.M. in the only remaining seat in the plane.

Together with Moslem Mandingo diamond traders and assorted country folk I descended at Foya Kamara into the care of Father Gill, Stephen and the power wagon. After hospitable refreshments with Raschid, the local Lebanese trader, we started off for Bolahun.

The trunk highway from Foya Kamara to Bolahun is one of the better roads in the Western Province. Eight feet wide with bridges of four large logs laid endwise no more than six inches apart this red clay throughway makes possible the transit of power wagons and jeeps. The irregular gullies that wind across thirty degree slopes do not stop these rugged vehicles. By bracing yourself you can stay in the front seat at 20 miles an hour.

On the ninety minute trip to the Mission we stopped in several towns to take up or let off passengers from the rear of the stake truck body. Largest of these groups was a Moslem Paramount Chief en route to a funeral with his counselors, travelling furniture, and five wives. "No more! Sorry, no more!" chanted Father Gill from time to time as the truck became crowded and controversy, imminent.

So on we groaned, passing swimmers in streams, pedestrians who had dived into the ditch to escape our wheels, rice farms in the burned over bush, through the midst of town after town until at last we rolled through the deserted Saturday market place, down the

road through the Kisi town, turned between the Bandi palaver house and beautiful St. Mary's Church, and ascended the curving track past the wayside shrine of St. Augustine up into the compound of St. Athanasius' Monastery.

Even reading "The Hinterland" for 25 years had not prepared me for the extent of the Mission area at Bolahun. It is roughly triangular with a two mile base line. At the apex stands the monastery on a low, terraced hill. Looking westward from the verandah you see below you the magnificently designed Church of St. Mary with buttresses gleaming white on the far side of the athletic field. Immediately to the right are the buildings of St. Philip's School. The High School buildings are in front of you. Out of sight to the far left are the staff houses, the hospital, St. Agnes School for Girls, and the Convent in that order. Even further lies the new airstrip, which Father Taylor and his crew have carved out of the bush on the far side of the Wawo River.

The "main road" runs from left to right across your horizon. Your first indication of it is the Bandi Town's thatched roofs to the left of center. Past the west end of the Church it continues by the Kisi Town and half a mile later reaches the market place.

Looking once more straight ahead of you from the monastery hill you find the near horizon dotted with pin-wheel feather duster fronds of the oil palm. Here and there a clump of enormous flat-topped cotton trees attract your attention. The far horizon shows hill after hill silhouetted against an ever changing rainy season sky. Dark clouds, rain, early morning mist or red sunset, fluffy clouds, heat haze, slanting streaks of smoke from rice farm bush burning. There is a never ending succession of landscape pictures every hour of the day.

I had not been at Bolahun a hundred minutes before Father Parsell started me on a tour of the Mission area. He knew that my time was short and interest keen. So he laid aside the innumerable details which beset

him daily as part Chief and all Prior of Bolahun. You should see him speeding about the Lord's business on bicycle, motor and afoot. With sun helmet shading his still red beard he coasts down the hill at a furious pace. His "fatigue uniform" of torn blue shirt with tails flapping, nondescript shorts, and rubber soled shoes mark him at a distance. His name pronounced by Bandi or Kisi I could almost always spot. "Fada Pahseh" comes through in many a recording. Appreciation of his understanding administration is evident everywhere among the townspeople who are known to compliment him in terms strange to an outsider. "He rascal, (i.e. clever), all right. He think like African. Not one fool Father Parsell!" Nor does he spare himself in giving all his energy to the care of his people.

This reminds me of a particular change that comes over the new arrival. In a matter of hours he loses his sense of color difference and his North American regard for clothing. Not only do a few damp hot days make an absence of apparel above the waist normal and sensible. In the same period you subconsciously conclude that pale white skin is rather unlovely. You may not want to cry yourself to sleep as did the little daughter of a coastal missionary, who wept one night, "Mommy, please can't I have a lovely black skin too?" But you are bound to admire the rich mahogany color of a West Province Liberian in good health. Illness dulls this color and brings on a greyish black, such as is found often in the hospital compound.

This normal color approaches that of a deeply sunburned Caucasian, as a startling experience of mine reveals. It was on Corpus Christi that I had the privilege of carrying a corner of the canopy in procession after Solemn Mass. The length of the service and the early hour made me a bit faint and as I knelt outside the altar rail with the other bearers for the final collects I saw an *African priest* on the predella accompanied by two white clergy. For a few minutes I thought nothing of it. Then I realized with a shock that there were *no* African priests in res-

ce! Some seconds later it dawned on me that this was indeed Father Taylor who was including as celebrant just as he began. Perhaps his deeply sunburned face deceived me. Frankly, I do not think I was deceived at all. The Lord simply granted me a sudden vision of how things really look to Him. He does not see a difference and in the Christian community that is Bolahun you do not see it either. This works both ways, you know. Therefore I want to bear testimony to the neighborly love of my *Liberian* brothers in Christ. Never in word or deed did anyone at Bolahun embarrass me by calling attention to the fact that I was a foreigner and that my skin is white.



Modern Mission Transportation

The Eternal Triangle -- Old and New

BY A. A. VOGEL

Experts in economics are becoming more and more convinced these days that they—or at least their professional predecessors—have discovered a *new eternal triangle*!

That an "eternal triangle" has been comparatively recent in its discovery should not surprise us. After all, precious metals, stones, and other of our natural resources have laid buried in the earth's crust for ages before they were discovered. So the elements of this "new" triangle, we are told, have been with man since his advent upon earth. It simply took time for them to be discovered in their full implications. The elements of this triangle are Father, Mother, and Child, seen as necessarily competing with each other for subsistence. The discoverer, at least the man to who credit is given for the most explicit statement of the problem, is Malthus. It was he who stated that population tends to outrun subsistence. This new triangle is well symbolized by the familiar sight of diapers hanging on a clothesline—in a clothes drier if you please. If triangular diapers are no longer in fashion, nevertheless it is babies who are responsible for the triangle!

A widely-distributed magazine explicitly brought this problem to light in a recent issue by headlining an article, "Population Explosion!" With the electrifying result which only a statistical shock can give one, people read that to the over two and one half billion persons who already inhabit the earth some 130,000 new people are being added every twenty-four hours! If population continues to grow at its present rate, the number of people in the world will double in the next forty-four years. An indication of the nature of the problems which this population trend portends can be seen in the fact that there are no longer "new" areas of the world into which excess population can move. Natural resources are being quickly depleted; the water supply of many communities is already dangerously low. An eventual shortage of food supplies is also forecast.

We shall not be concerned here with such problems of population growth as shortages of food and of natural resources may cause. Instead let us consider the one obvious fact that the more people there are to share the limited available space on earth, the *closer* these people are going to have to live with each other.

Experts are grimly joking that "standing room only" may soon apply to the world at large. Many persons are already convinced of the seriousness of the situation every time that they try to find a parking space, notice how many more people there are shopping in our stores, or look at the crowded conditions in our schools. Others become convinced of the same thing as they drive from their homes *towards the center of town* in order to get to their "country clubs," or see more fisherman than fish at their favorite lake when they try to get away from it all.

No matter how successfully scientific man may be able to solve many of the material problems which will face him, in the future, one factor with problematic consequences bodies ill to remain constant: we are going to have to live closer and closer with more people *more and more*. There can be no doubt that with more people on earth, social problems will generally increase rather than decrease; *personal relations* will take on ever-increasing significance. Even if the present numerical trend in population growth is curbed or controlled in a consistently Christian fashion, social problems will increase rather than decrease. This will be the case, if for not other reason than man's *present* achievements in the fields of transportation and communication. Even if the population had remained constant throughout the

world in the past century, for example, thousands of us living today in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa would be living closer together than our forefathers did.

The difficulties towards which we are heading in our social living may appear many to be purely "natural," but be this as it may any Christian solution to these difficulties must be supernatural. The answer to man's social problems must ultimately center in the Trinity.

To some Christians the doctrine of the Trinity has seemed to be an embarrassment or at best a final summary of the Christian doctrine of God which is not very useful as a final summary. In reality, the Trinity is the heart of Christian belief. It is not an addition, a confusion, or a nonessential. It is vital and essential; although it is admitted to be a mystery. A God who is not a mystery to man would be man's god, that is, no God at all. If God is supernatural (above nature) obviously man, who is *in* nature, cannot completely understand Him. But it is man's "natural" troubles (e.g., population growth and its ensuing difficulties) which may soon establish the central and essential role of the Trinity beyond question of doubt. Then perhaps acceptance will correspond with reality.

The doctrine of the Trinity indicates above all else that God is the plenitude of being. The Trinity is not a mere abstract formula; it is the most convincing indication which we have that God is the *fullness of being*, the *fullness of perfection*. This revealed nature of God Himself shows that what is technically known as fecundity—the ability to give and share with others—is a perfection. Giving which arises from abundance is not a defect or an evil.

Man's fecundity—the giving and sharing of himself, his products, and his services—as it shows itself in the many aspects of his life is basically good. It reflects the nature of God. Such ability to produce products and services and to reproduce in his kind becomes a source of difficulty only when it is cut off from God, when man exercises it *for himself*.



stead of viewing it as a *giving of himself*. The highest type of fecundity as giving is that which brings forth a product (or result, or thing made) which is as different as possible from its maker. The higher the type of production the more the product resembles the person who produces it. Such a resemblance can be the greater achieved only as the producer is able to *give himself* more completely to his product. Do we not say that the special thing about a genius is that he *really puts himself into his work*? However, it is only in the Christian Trinity that absolute completeness of personal giving can be found. In the Trinity each Person gives himself so completely to the other two Persons that *each is said to indwell the other two*. Here is found the culmination of personal permanence and sharing.



If *personal relations* appear more and more to be the basic problem of mankind, then the Christian doctrine of the Trinity appears more and more to be man's only solution to the problem. For in the Trinity, the divine Persons are *nothing but their relations to each other*. Here Persons living in what is the only truly godly harmony are *constituted completely by their relations to each other*. Personal interrelations constitute the very life and being of God. Personal interrelations can be the source of strife and contention among men only in so far as they have ceased to be god-like. Man's solution to his social problems must be to pattern his social life after God's most intimate social life in the Trinity. This can be done only as people *give themselves more completely to each other* instead of competing more fiercely with each other. We must *complete ourselves*

with others, not *compete* with them and separate ourselves from them! Only in doing the former will we most perfectly imitate the life of the three Persons whose essence it is to be but one God.

In the Trinity personal or *relative* difference is manifested in the midst of the absolute singularity of God. There is only one God; the three Persons are absolutely one in their deity. The oldest and most successful spatial analogy of this truth has been to point to the manner in which the three (relatively) different angles of an equilateral triangle share in the unity of but one single surface. Surely we can say that this suggests the true "eternal triangle" without being accused of "making God have corners."

The moral of the Trinitarian doctrine of God for man is that social unity and perfection can never be successfully purchased at the expense of destroying relative distinctions—although it can only be achieved by avoiding absolute *separation and difference*. Intimate communion, not solitude and separation, is the proper end of man. Nothing is worse than loneliness!

Relative differences among individual men may have an *essential unity* in so far as all of these differences contribute to the *one common good of man*, as he is created in the image of God. The perfection of social living is *enrichment and fulness*, not repression and impoverished uniformity. The richness of God's grace will be most available to us as we seek to live peacefully *in each other's company*, only as we worship Him, and seek His help, in the fullness of the Trinity—as the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost live in each other's company.

The problems caused by the trinity of Father, Mother, and Child can be solved only by the Trinity which consists of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



A Franciscan Visits Assisi

BY ELAINE MURRAY STONE

Everyone loves Saint Francis of Assisi, perhaps because he was so gentle and loving, but as a Franciscan Tertiary¹ I have a particular love for him and interest in his life. So when my husband and I planned our trip to Europe I insisted on a side visit to Assisi being included in our itinerary. Therefore as soon as we arrived in Rome we made the arrangements to take a one day bus trip to Assisi.

On Tuesday, May eighth, the little hotel maid awoke us at 6:30 A.M. and we dressed and had a quick continental breakfast and by 7:30 were already for the bus which would pick us up at the entrance to our Pension. It was a small bus and as we drove through the sleeping city we picked up only two other passengers and the guide. She was a sweet young woman and it turned out we were to be her only customers. We would have a private guide!

We soon left Rome and ascended constantly a new road built alongside the ancient Roman road, the Via Flaminia, built in 300 B.C. which led north to Florence and on to Gaul. It held four soldiers abreast. It was visible off and on all the way, and we saw the well preserved remains of the huge arched bridges which the Romans built over the Tiber and other rivers we crossed.

From the bus windows we saw history revealed to us as in a motion picture; Castel Borghetto, the summer residence of the Popes up until the fifteenth century, standing in partial ruins. Perugia, a medieval city built on a rock projecting into the sky; another ancient walled town topped by a castle called Spolete from which came Lucretia Borgia and Barbarossa; then another former ancient castle of the Popes.

At eleven A.M. we came down into the fertile valley of Umbria, all green and dotted with olive trees, yoked oxen plowing the fields and over it all a great sense of peace. On our left we passed a lush dell in which was the Fonti di Clitunne, the famous blue springs written about by Shelley and other poets. We half expected to see nymphs and fauns peeking from among the willows. Beside it stood the remains of a temple to the God of the Waters built two thousand years ago and reconstructed in the sixth century.

A few minutes later we drove through Foligno from which Saint Dominic came and the Blessed Angela. We drove past Spello, another ancient town whose walls, built in 200 B.C., are still standing. Then passed the remains of an old amphitheater built by Julius Caesar for the amusement of his soldiers; and at noon we arrived at last in lower Assisi. Assisi is a town of 4,600 but takes care of a surrounding community totaling 24,000.

Here we left the bus and entered the church of Saint Mary of the Angels which is built right over the Porziuncola (Little Portion) in which Saint Francis repaired and then lived in with his first followers. The Porziuncola is a sweet little chapel of stone blocks with a tiny altar, about four small pews, and many many votive lights. We went inside and knelt, feeling so very close to dear Saint Francis, and I touched the walls that his very own hands had laboured over. We left the chapel and a Franciscan friar approached us signalling that he would show us around the great church which had been built in the sixteenth century to protect the little chapel. We saw in a glass case the cord Saint Francis had worn with his coarse brown habit, the little cell in which he died, and in the garden the famous roses without thorns.

¹ Third Order of Saint Francis of the American Congregation of Franciscans.

² The Monastery of our Episcopal Franciscan Order at Mt. Sinai, N. Y., is named Little Portion.

We then got aboard the bus and drove up the hillside town of Assisi built on a spur of Monte Subasio 1,345 feet above sea level. The history of the town goes back to Roman times, but in appearance it is now preserved in its medieval form. The streets are narrow and cobblestoned, the houses all grey fieldstone and tiled and very much alike. The town, being built on the side of a hill, requires a lot of legwork in getting from one part to the other as the streets go up and down rather steeply, and the buildings take to every inch of space, perching one above the other as they hug the steep hill. Altogether the town gives a rather cheerless impression as there are few trees or flowers. Turros and chickens wandered about, but there were not many people in the streets other than tourists.

The bus stopped right in front of the great basilica begun in 1228 by the Saint's ambitious successor, Brother Elias, built over a prominence so that it can be seen for many miles around. The bus let us out and our private guide led us into the Basilica which contains the Franciscan Monastery and the upper and lower church of Saint Francis. The upper church has the famous frescoes by Giotto and his pupils depicting scenes from the life of Saint Francis. They are very colorful, simple and moving, and cover every bit of the lower walls. Above them are scenes from the Old and New Testaments by Pietro Cavallini. The lower church contains frescoes by Cimabue and famous ones over the high altar by Giotto illustrating the vows of the Franciscan order. We then descended to the crypt where the remains of Saint Francis lie in a narrow stone sarcophagus. He obviously was very tiny, judging from the size of his coffin and also from the clothes we saw later.

After all this sightseeing and the five hour trip we were anxious to have lunch. Our guide led us to one of the modern hotels which are well equipped to handle the huge crowds of tourists and pilgrims who come to see the birthplace and tomb of the Poverello. We went through the well appointed dining room and chose a table on a balcony overlooking the old town and the huge valley. We

had a delicious meal, excellently served, and the guide, who dined with us, took our pictures as we ate there. She also told us a lot about the history of Assisi and what we would be seeing that afternoon.

After lunch we began climbing through the town to get to the medieval castle at the top of the hill. I eventually became weary and sat on a stone bench in a vineyard with the guide while my husband continued to the top, 1,665 feet, where he explored the entire castle built in 1367 by Cardinal Albino. We then came down and returned to the Basilica as I wanted to hear the friars say Vespers. They sat (about thirty of them) in a semi-circular choir behind the main altar. There were a few pews, so I sat down and listened. They sort of chanted and intoned but did not sing in Gregorian modes. It sounded full and masculine and I enjoyed hearing it. All the time the friars were saying Vespers, crowds of tourists were being led through the church, and Franciscan friars were describing to them, each in a different language, the glories of the Basilica.

We didn't have too much time left, and still had lots to see, so we left and began walking upward through the narrow, cobblestoned streets toward the main piazza. There we saw the Roman Temple which was changed to a Christian church and was the parish church of Saint Francis. He preached here on numerous occasions. In the seventeenth century it was rebuilt inside and is extremely ornate and in the high Baroque style which does not go with the simple Roman lines of the exterior.

Across the piazza on a side street, we saw the little room in which Saint Francis was born in 1182 and the tiny cell where his father locked him up when he first ran away to be a poor mendicant.

Across the main square we saw the old church of Saint Clare with its massive lateral buttresses. We left the guide outside and entered. It was very simple; no frescoes, statues or tapestries, just white-washed walls. We went downstairs to the crypt. A

Poor Clare nun, her face covered with a black veil beckoned to us. She was sitting behind a double grating which we approached. "Language?" she asked. We replied, "English," and she began in a heavy accent to describe the objects which were in cases in the room behind her. One case contained the golden curls cut from Saint Clare's head when she made her vows to Saint Francis. He cut them off with his own hand. Another case contained the torn and mended brown habit Saint Francis wore daily right up to his death, and also the white cloth shoes St. Clare made for his tortured feet after he received the stigmata. In another case hung the alb which he wore when was ordained a deacon. He was never a priest as he did not consider himself worthy of the honor.

Then we walked to a little chapel where another Sister sat veiled behind a grate. She pointed to a huge glass case. "Santa Clara"

was all she said as she handed us each a picture. The blackened dried body of Saint Clare lay upon a throne-like bed of gold, robed in her habit. It was fascinating and yet horrible to think that she had lain exposed like that for seven hundred years. The nun held out her hand for an alms. We gave her some money and then returned again to the fresh air and the living.

We bought a few souvenirs which were for sale in booths in the town square, and then boarded the bus for the horrible hours of constant bumping on the five hour trip back.

Assisi had been all that I hoped for, and more, and I had seen the resting places of two of God's greatest saints and the city and valley in which the great events of their lives had taken place. We arrived in Rome fourteen hours after we had left that morning and felt we had traveled back almost a thousand years in time.



- R. I. P. -

The Reverend Francis William George Parker, Member of the Order of the Holy Cross, died in St. Barnabas' Hospital, New York City after an illness of many years. He had been in and out of hospitals for a long time. There had seemed to be hope that the treatments recently undertaken might enable him to return to the Monastery with some degree of activity. He was as energetic as his condition allowed, to the last, counselling and giving priestly ministrations. His heart condition became critical on Sunday and he lost consciousness Monday night, dying on Tuesday morning, September 2nd. Fr. Hawkins, Infirmaryman, who has cared for him with such patience during the times he has lived at Holy Cross, was with him.

Requiems were immediately offered at West Park and Newburgh. The Office of the Dead was sung Tuesday and Wednesday, and the Burial Service, Requiem, Absolution, and Committal were performed Thursday night. A few managed to be present from more distant places to join with the local mourners. The Father Superior was Celebrant, Father Whitmore, Deacon, and the Rev. James Crowther, Subdeacon. It was very appropriate to have the latter in this association because he is an alumnus of St. Andrew's school, which Fr. Parker had rescued from what seemed certain failure in the time of the depression and fire.

Father Parker was born January 1, 1889 in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. At the age of 15 he was confirmed by the Rt. Rev. Edward King, Lord Bishop of Lincoln, also of Boston, England. Fr. Parker said that the text used at his confirmation aided and abetted him in his spiritual life through the years.

"O let me hear thy loving-kindness betimes in the morning; for in thee is my trust: show thou me the way that I should walk in; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee; for thou art my God: let thy loving Spirit lead me forth into the land of righteousness."

(Psalm 143:8 and 10)

Fr. Parker prepared for a life in the business world, and was engaged in this work when he came to this country. However, he decided to enter the priesthood and went to Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin to prepare himself for seminary. After finishing his college work he entered Nashotah House, Nashotah, Wisconsin and was a member of the class of 1921. He did Post-Graduate work at Nashotah House and received his B.D. the following year. In 1928 he was awarded the degree of S.T.M. by his seminary.

After his ordination to the Priesthood in the Chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, Nashotah House, by Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac he was in charge of St. John's, Shawano, Wisconsin for four and a half years. During several summers he spent his "vacation" working at parishes in Green Bay, Wisconsin; Marinette, Wisconsin; Goshen, N. Y.; and at Holy Cross Church, Kingston, N. Y.

He became a postulant in the Order of the Holy Cross on January 28th, 1926 and was life professed on All Saints' Day, 1929.

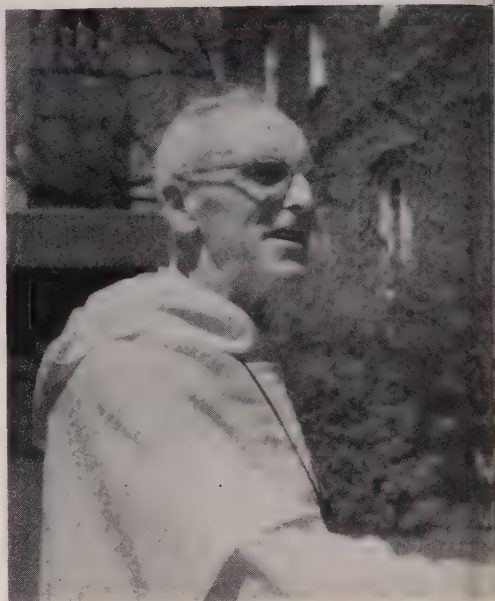


When he returned from St. Andrew's School where he served as Prior from 1932-1938 he assumed the duties of Guestmaster at West Park. During this time he organized and established the Order's work at Sing Sing.

From 1940 to 1955 he was Commissary of the Holy Cross Liberian Mission and brought to task all his originality and capacity for hard work along familiar or untried paths of effort. His editing of "The Hinterland" and his production of other literature and of visual aids did a splendid promotion job for the African work. This was especially true at the time of the Youth Offerings in 1951. For some years the income of some Kansas wheat farms were devoted to this cause, and the Father attended with great care to the temporary bonanza, putting the farms into fine condition for the comfort of the farmers and for the securing of a good dividend for the missionary work.

His preaching work on Missions was also of conspicuous success.

Fr. Parker's most recent work has been as Director of the Priest Associates of the Order. It was in this work that one of Fr. Parker's chief characteristics became most apparent. He was an individualist himself, and he firmly believed that his contacts with



others should always be on an individualistic basis. To this end he did not spare himself and wrote lengthy letters to those in his spiritual care. This work he continued until he was incapacitated.

His loss will be felt keenly by all those with whom he came in contact both personally and through correspondence.

Rest eternal grant unto him, O Lord: and let light perpetual shine upon him.

Stories That Are Seldom Told

An Angel Intervenes

BY ELWIN MALONE

In the reign of Pekah, King of Israel, Salmanezer, known in this story as Ene-massar carried away many of the people of the Northern Kingdom of Israel captive. Among them was Tobit who came to Nineveh. Never had he been other than a strict worshipper of Jehovah; always in his homeland had he turned his back on Baal worship; regularly had he gone to Jerusalem to keep the feasts devoutly; consistently had he paid the tithe and made the required offerings.

His wife was Anna, a woman of the same tribe, and to them a son Tobias was born. In the country of his exile he gained the King's favour and was made his purveyor, purchasing the food for his table, a very responsible position. A substantial part of the money he made in this post he took to Rages in Media and left it in trust with his friend Gabael. His life in Nineveh was marked by his good works and alms deeds and especially the burial of those of his race, and they were many.

to had been slain at the King's command. Base informer reported on this, and in fear of death he fled into hiding with the result that all his property was forcibly confiscated. Fortunately, on the death of Sennacherib's cousin, who was a man of some importance, pleaded for his forgiveness and he was allowed to return home, but was now a poor man. As his family were about to celebrate his return with a good dinner he sent his son to bring in some poor man to share their meal, but as Tobias came back he told of a man strangled and lying dead in the marketplace. At once he goes out, takes the dead man in and buries him at sunset. For this deed he is mocked by his countrymen as one who, having been pardoned, does again the very thing which caused the loss of his property and nearly cost him his life. Being unclean from touching a dead body, he sleeps in the courtyard of his house, with his face uncovered, and the droppings of birds' dung into his eyes causes a blindness which the doctor cannot cure. His wife is obliged to go out and work to support the family. In his sorrow he prays God to remember his good deeds and send him death to relieve him of suffering.

At the same time in the city of Ecbatana, his cousin Raguel is in grave trouble. His daughter Sara is harassed by an evil spirit who is in love with her. Seven times she has been married, but every time, before the marriage is consummated, the evil spirit in jealous rage kills the husband. The evil report goes around that this girl has strangled seven husbands in the wedding chamber. She is so upset and worried that she is ready to commit suicide; nevertheless she is pure and innocent and turns in prayer to God. Both the prayers of Tobit and Sara are heard by the great God of Israel and an angel intervenes.

Tobit now remembers the money he had left in trust with Gabael and, expecting to die, decides to tell his son Tobias of it. He prays him to be constant in good deeds, in holy life, in the giving of alms, to arrange for the seemly burial of his wife and himself and to take a wife from his own people. All this

Tobias promised faithfully but he does not see how he can get the money from Gabael for he does not know him. So Tobit hands him a letter and cautions him to get a trusty man to go with him and seek it. In his search for such a person he finds the (disguised) angel Raphael. He brings him to his father who, on questioning him, is told that the angel claims to be Azarias, one of his kinsfolk. He arranges to pay the angel-in-disguise wages while he accompanies Tobias and a bonus on their safe return. Anna is very much distressed at the thought of her son's departure and warns Tobit, "Be not greedy to add money to money. It is only as refuse as compared to our child;" but Tobit assures her that God will send a guardian angel to protect them.

The angel Raphael and Tobias soon start on their journey. At evening they come to the banks of the river Tigris, when Tobias goes down to wash himself, a monstrous fish leaps out of the water to devour him, but his guide bids him boldly grasp the fish and drag it ashore. His courage is rewarded; the fish roasted provides them with supper, and Tobias is told to take the heart and liver of the fish with the gall and preserve them very carefully. Raphael declares that these organs of the huge fish have valuable properties. The smoke from burnt heart and liver will drive away evil spirits; the gall is a cure for blindness.



They come to Ecbatana and Raphael suggests that they stay with Raguel and that Tobias should seek the hand of Sara in marriage as she is of his tribe. This does not please the young man for he knows that her seven husbands died in the marriage chamber. His companion says that all will be well, he need not fear the evil spirit, only he must sprinkle some of the fish's heart and liver on the embers of incense and the smoke will drive the spirit away for ever. They are welcomed by Raguel and Edna his wife, es-

pecially when Tobias tells them he is Tobit's son. The question of marriage is considered and Raguel tells them the truth about his daughter but prays that God will be merciful. The marriage takes place. Before the bridal couple retire, however, Tobias prepares the incense with the heart and liver of the fish. At the smell of the smoke the evil spirit hastily flees to Egypt where he is kept captive. The couple kneel together in prayer that God would bless and prosper their union in marriage, before they go to bed. In the meantime Raguel takes no chances; he goes out and digs a grave to receive Tobias' dead body; but in the morning the servants find the happy couple sleeping peacefully. At once Raguel bids them fill in the grave.

Raphael then goes to Rages, finds Gabael and brings him with the money sealed in bags to the wedding feast. This is kept for fourteen days. At length Tobias and his wife get ready to depart homeward with half of Raguel's servants, goods, money and cattle as her dowry. With praises to God and mutual blessings they start on the road to Nineveh.

All this time Anna is greatly troubled and Tobit is counting every day until his son's return. They wonder: "Is he dead?" or "Did Gabael die?" "Whatever has happened?" Each day Anna sits looking towards the road which they must travel on their homeward

way. At last in the distance she espies the travellers. Immediately she tells her husband. Anna runs out, embraces her son and weeps copiously. Tobit tries to go forward, but stumbles in his blindness. Tobias, however, takes hold of him, rubs the fish's gall on his eyes, crying out, "Be of good hope, my father!" His eyes begin to smart, and as he rubs them, the whiteness clears away and he sees his son, falls on his neck and exclaims, "Blessed be God and all His Holy Angels!" There is great rejoicing and a second wedding feast is kept for seven days.

Then Tobit calls Raphael to give him his wages. The angel takes them aside privately, exhorts them to praise God for what he has done, tells them that he had brought Sarah's prayers and the remembrance of Tobit's good deeds before God, for he is Raphael, one of the seven holy angels who presents the prayers of the saints before the glory of God, the Holy One. They fear greatly at first, but he assures them, "Fear not, for it shall go well with you." He departs and they see him no more.

The story closes with the great prayer written by Tobias in thanksgiving to God for His mercies.

A few other facts are added. Tobit was fifty-eight years old when he lost his sight, which was restored after eight years. He died at the age of 127 years. Before his death he blessed his son and his six grandsons and warned them to depart from Nineveh, which would be destroyed. This they did after the death of Tobit and Anna, making their home with Raguel in Echatana.

This story has been used by the Fathers of the Church and others to teach the religious duties of: Almsgiving, chastity in marriage, the care of the dead, and the asking of Divine Blessing before undertaking a journey.



(From the Book of Tobit in the Apocrypha. The Revised Standard Version can now be obtained as a complete Bible even if it puts the Apocrypha in the back like an appendix. Ed.)

Forest Sunday

The aspens' white columns uphold the domed blue,
And the nave is all decked in its Trinity green.
No church in all Christendom nearly so spacious,
So reverent, colorful, quiet, or clean.
Sweet anthems are ringing from high living lofts
Sound clearly, sincerely, by choirs unseen.

The Hand of the Maker is hymned by each creature,
The fir that points heaven, the seed in its pod,
The mountains majestically preach the Almighty,
As well does the flower-decked carpet of sod.
The brook as it passes a canticle chants,
And the aspen leaves dance to the glory of God.

The sun high above makes the stained glass around me,
Through translucent leaves and the needles of pine.
The clouds in the heavens, the clods 'neath my feet,
The life all around me bespeaks His design.
The birds and the insects and small furry creatures
All tell me the love of their Maker — and mine.

A tree and its branches a Cross raise before me,
Reminder alike of my glory and pain.
For 'twas man that He came to this earth of His making,
'Twas man had rebelled, that He so stooped to gain.
'Twas man, of all Nature, that dared to deny Him;
Though 'twas man whom He set over Nature to reign.

And though in this solitude wild I find reverence,
Not with the trees and the birds do I praise,
Not in their purity, glad some obedience,
But by the saving inspiring of grace.
Here or in multitude, in church or wilderness,
I worship but with my own lost, restored race.

Not with the rest of obedient Nature
May I our God worship — I, rebel and stained —
But with all my brothers of now and forever,
By grace brought to God, by our own sin restrained.
Not innocent-pure like this life that surrounds me,
But washed and restored and renewed and regained.

I praise with the race that alone groped in darkness,
Alone shined upon by the Glory that gleamed,
Even here join my prayers and a soaring *Te Deum*
With the e'er-blessed Company of the Redeemed.

—by Christine Fleming Heffner

Unto The Altar Of God

BY ESTHER H. DAVIS

All Such Good Works

We have had glimpses of Thy heavenly kingdom and sweet they proved to be. As in a dream we muse on them entranced, preferring the vision to the reality we know. But Thou hast found a way to bring us back. Thou hast provided for us here good works to do and walk in. Heaven attracts us still, but duty has the stronger claim. Our greatest happiness we find through what we do for others, not what they do for us, and one of the richest blessings we can have is the knowledge that we are needed.

Thou hast no feet but ours to run Thine errands, our hands Thou needest to perform Thy tasks and through our voice Thy message must be spread. With but a thought Thou couldst transform the world, but long ago Thou gavest it to us and, though we have despoiled it woefully, Thou wilt not interfere. Many the sorrows we inflict on Thee because of the oppressions we have wrought. We are strong-willed and thoughtless in our deeds and, following our way instead of Thine, have made a wilderness of Paradise. Now it must be reclaimed, but not by Thee alone. Thy Holy Spirit guides and shows us how, but we must do the work. Our actions have marred the beauty of Thy world, so by our acts and with Thy help must beauty be restored. Thou knowest best how this can be accomplished and must dispose and then instruct our hearts.

Thou hast prepared good works to counteract the evil we have done. So many fearful deeds, committed separately, against our brothers and against our God, and for each one atonement must be made. That due to God is far beyond our power, but Thou hast made it for us. Although it fills our souls with awe and emphasizes our unworthiness, we can but take that which we sorely need and humbly offer it to Thee. Atonement to our fellows only we can make. "An eye for an eye," Thy prophets taught and we know

it to be true. All we have taken wrongfully must be returned in full. Wherever with bitterness we have caused sorrow, in love we must repay by bringing joy. We have made a place within our hearts for all whom we cast out. Those we deprived of bread we now must feed. Thou biddest us befriend the lonely ones we carelessly ignored, to lift the weak we ruthlessly downtrod.

Discord and strife and war and pestilence we have sowed lavishly upon the earth and even used Thine own creative tools to further our destructive ways, to slay Thy children and lay waste their land. These vices are inimical to Thee and cannot long endure. Thou art the Master of Thy universe and in the end Thy will must be obeyed. Peace, harmony and love Thou willest for us all, and in Thy children must these virtues grow and through us flourish to enfold the world.

Good works Thou spreadest out in dazzling array, for our accomplishment and our delight. In every one we see Thee beckoning and hear Thee speak in stern but loving tones. "Bind up the wounds of those whom you have injured. Release all the enslaved and set them free. Incline your hearts to love instead of hate and set your feet in quiet ways of peace. So many secrets of your world still wait to be discovered, and they will be disclosed as you are ready. Seek knowledge and apply it rightfully. Learn wisdom that you may fulfill your human destiny. Co-workers I would have to help Me finish My creation here."

Thy strength is made perfect in weakness. Use Thou our weakness to perfect Thy strength and give us grace to do all such good works in union with Thee that the coming of Thy kingdom may be hastened through our efforts. So may Thy will be done on earth, in and through us, as it is done in Heaven.

Outgoing Mail

Copies of letters sent out by members of the Order appealing to a wider group are offered here (at time to time.)

Dear Sister,

When I start to write a good long letter to someone whom I know and love, I take a big roll of yellow wall-paper—like this. Then I don't feel so crowded.

Perhaps this will show you if—in view of the long delay—you need proof, how happy I was to get your letter with its questions and how glad I shall be to get more of them any time. (Only, if they arrive in Lent, you may have to do some more waiting.)

As you noted with regard to Dom Chapman's penitents, most people—indeed, every oppressed one—goes through pretty much the same experience that you are going through; and, if they have made an earnest beginning of the prayer-life and keep on with it.

The time comes for each when he must embark on the dreary middle way of the spiritual pilgrimage—a seemingly endless journey where the prospect is pretty much the same every day, for weeks and months—years, and years; and all is dry and dreary.

I say that it is "seemingly" endless. It is really so. If a man keeps on putting one foot in front of the other, he will reach the end of the journey across arid tracts. He will reach high ground at last and see once more the Promised Land before him. Only in time the wanderings in the wilderness will be forever past and nothing left but the conquests and the crossing of the River.

All that strange story of the Children of Israel is "written for our learning." It is the story of every child of God, on his way to Egypt, "the land of bondage," to the heavenly Jerusalem—"the land flowing with milk and honey." I cannot imagine a better

task for your spiritual reading than to wade through it all again—that Old Testament story of the desert wanderings, beginning with the Blood of the Paschal Lamb smeared upon the door-posts. Lots of it is dreary and uninteresting (which is appropriate to the subject, isn't it!) but it is lit by such wonderful manifestations of God's love—the Pillar of Cloud or Fire, the water from the Rock ("that Rock which is Christ"), the Blessed Sacrament—or Manna (the Hebrew word "Manna means "What is it?"—the Mystery), etc., etc., etc. And all the time one is reminded that God cares, He is watching, He is guiding the stubborn footsteps; and is never weary of forgiving. At last, when all the old generation, that once lived in Egypt, has died off, "the new man in Christ" attains the end of his journey.

The trouble is that so many people give up during the middle period. They say, "It's not good. I'll never get there. It's not for me. I cannot pray. I cannot meditate." Ah, the pity of it. They have our dear Lord's promise, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

A director can be very useful, sometimes, in small ways. But, when all is said and done, there is only one real "direction"—only one that goes to the root of the matter and is always true. It is, "Keep On."

Keep On. And, no matter how many mistakes you may make—no matter how many alluring mirages may trick you on the way—if you Keep On you will surely get there.

All this shows that the one thing really needed is courage—the absolute refusal to be frightened by Satan and his legions. Remember the cry of Marguerite in Faust, "I belong to God. Ye shall not have my soul."



Even So We Speak

BY MARION F. DANE

Youth is a gift from God.

To be young is to taste eagerly of a brimming cup of life. It is to bask in golden daylight, to smile at rainbows of sorrow and clouds of disappointment. It is to know the tongued flame of the Holy Spirit burning within an eager heart.

To be young is to live with hope. It is to clasp dreams, new and whole, in a world where most dreams are tattered and old. It is to cling to soaring aspirations, to fly fearless in the face of life's challenge, to sing "Lord, I come, I come!"

To be young is to stand on the threshold of life. It is to reach forward, having no past on which to recline, and to tremble in every breeze, having no shell behind which to hide. It is to place a faith, unchallenged and untried, in the Living Christ.

To be young is to dwell in the fading rays of innocence. It is to waver on the brink of knowledge, intoxicated by a sip of learning. It is to be a little confused, a little lost, to search under pebbles for the omnipresent God.

To find fulfillment in life is to drink the dregs of the cup without embittering the taste, to complete the mundane mission without forgetting the dreams, to walk the unfriendly road without yielding the faith, to attain a state of wisdom without forfeiting innocence.

To find fulfillment is to combine the gift of youth with the gift of life.

Youth cannot give itself from the depth of the years which it has not yet lived. It knows not what the cup holds; its mission is undiscovered; its road is untraveled; it has little wisdom.

This series can give only that which its author possesses, and this much is offered—

a desire to write, a love of the Lord, and youth. "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, EVEN SO WE SPEAK."

Miss Dane is a student in journalism and will continue this column. —Ed.



An Advertising Plan

A Chicago man in the advertising profession is circulating the Bishops of the Church with an idea out of his own field and experience. Mr. W. B. Philley favors a provocative display on our outdoor notice boards, one that will not only strike the eye of passers but also make them ask questions of their Episcopal acquaintances. These questions might make too plain the ignorance of us Churchmen and cause us to learn more in order to speak for our Church.

The slogan would be —

"PART OF GOD'S HOLY AND
APOSTOLIC CHURCH . . .

ENTER AND PRAY THAT WE ALL MAY BE ONE"

This affirmation and invitation, appearing under the words "Episcopal" or "Protestant Episcopal" on the signboards should cause comment and question.

How many can give a logical explanation of the fact with fairness to history? How many would have to fall back on, "Now, let me see, when I was confirmed, the Rector said the Holy Catholic Church had three branches . . ."

Of course the Church now has an official series of books which do tell the story, and ten thousand other important facts,

The Order Of The Holy Cross

West Park Notes

The exhilarating month of September has brought many guests to the Mother House. There were well attended retreats for priests, seminarians, and others for smaller groups.

Fr. Superior conducted the Labor weekend Religious Life Conference at Newburgh, attended meetings of the American Church Union on the 16th, went to Margaret Hall School for its opening days, had engagements in Philadelphia on the 24th, and went again to New York City for the meeting of the Advisory Council for the Religious Life on the 30th.

Bishop Campbell conducted the Clergy retreat at Kenka the 2-4th, preached at Gloria Dei Church, Palenville on the 21st, confirmed a class at Trinity Church, Mount Vernon on the 28th, and left for North Carolina appointments.

Fr. Hawkins met with the Society of St. Stephen at New Haven, Conn., on the 24th and spoke to the Woman's Auxiliary at Lewiston on the 25th.

Fr. Baldwin conducted a Clergy Conference at Downville the 9-10th. His dates for the Children's Mission at St. Thomas' Church, Hartford were changed to September 28-October 3rd.

Fr. Harris returned from his August duties at Valhalla.

Fr. Bessom gave a devotional talk on the palms at St. Mary's Church, Scarborough, to the Woman's Auxiliary, on the 19th. He spoke at the Religious Life Conference at Helena's.

Fr. Terry conducted a conference for the clergy at Ottawa on the 1-3rd; he gave a retreat for the G.F.S. at Canaan, Conn., on the 4th; he preached at the Atonement, Brook-

lyn on the 14th; he gave a School of Prayer at St. Bede's, Syosset, L.I., on the 26-30th.

Br. Michael has been a consultant for some clergy in setting up their educational plans. He had a conference at St. Joseph's Church, Queens Village on the 22nd.

Br. Paul has been getting quiet meals for the community during the cook's vacation. He conducted a Quiet Day at Trinity Church in Saugerties, the 7th.



Pray for the United Nations
October 24th

October plans send us farther afield.

The Fr. Superior celebrates the Dedication Day ceremonies at the Convent of St. Helena on the 2nd. He goes to give an address at Trinity Church, Buckingham, Pa., on the 9th. He conducts a retreat at the House of the Redeemer the 24-26th. He will meet with the New York Clergy at West Point on the 27-28 and go to Manhattan for an A.C.U. gathering the next day.

Bishop Campbell has retreats and preaching engagements in and near Asheville, N. Carolina for a good part of the month but returns to conduct a retreat at the House of the Redeemer from the 10th to the 12th. He will later confirm at St. Peter's, Stone Ridge and preach at St. Edward the Martyr, NYC.

Fr. Taylor will help start the Conference for Novice Masters and Mistresses on the 3rd then leave for the General Convention where he will share our little booth with Fr. Rawson and Fr. Metcalf to help advertise the Press, the Order, and the Liberian Mission. After that he will get to visit some of



**Fr. Milligan, OMC
returning to Mission**



**Frs. Lynn and Worster, Companions
OHC, returned from Mission.**

his old missions and friends in South Carolina. The Assistant Novice Master will direct the Novitiate during his month away.

Fr. Hawkins will supply at St. George's, Newburgh on the 5th and 12th. He goes to the House of the Redeemer on the 31st to conduct a retreat.

Fr. Baldwin gives missions at Fergus, Ontario from the 4th to the 12th and at St. Martin's, Radnor, Penna., from the 18 to 26th.

Fr. Terry goes to Rutgers University on the 4th for Conference Week. He conducts a School of Prayer at Gettysburg, 18-21st and then goes to confer with Seminarists Associate in the Philadelphia and Alexandria schools of theology.

The various chaplaincy jobs in the Hudson Valley will have been resumed or continued.



ST. ANDREW'S SCHOOL

Clouds of dust used to arise from the cav-
ade of automobiles leaving school immedi-
y after Commencement exercises as the
s hurried to get away from "jail," as they
l. They cannot get away soon enough.
t wait until the middle of August and it is
surprising to see a boy wander in with
story that he was bored and wanted to
back. Perhaps parents have something
do with it, but for the most part these
angsters want to be here. It all goes to
ve that school can be real fun.

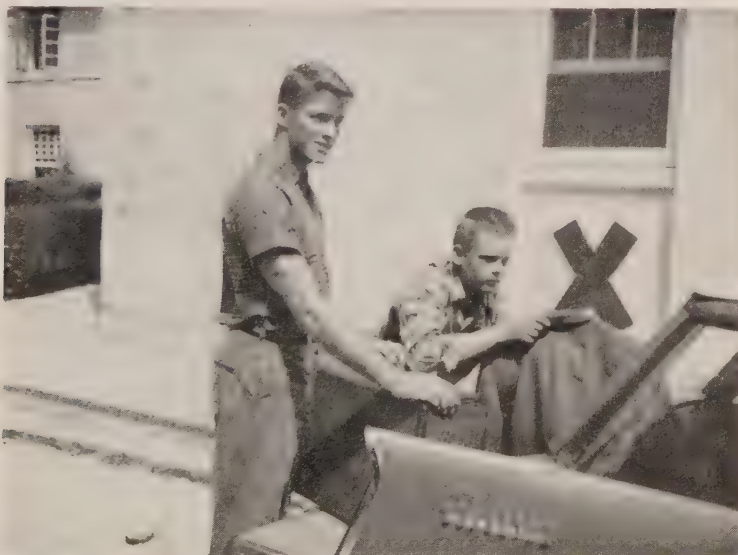
St. Andrew's tries to operate as a Chris-
n family. We say "tries" because we have
ever reached the point of perfection. The
jective is to have monks, staff and boys all
ring in real harmony. This is much needed
hen there are so many who are not blessed
ith strong family ties at home. The mon-
tic staff is on call almost all the time. We
b refuse to be stopped from saying our
ayers, and the Prior has given the order,
f the telephone starts ringing during Of-
ces, let it ring. If it is really serious, some-
ne will come to the monastery." Neverthe-
ss our day can be prolonged from 5:10 a.m.

to 11:00 p.m. The chaplain, Fr. Bicknell,
O.H.C., is in his office for long spells at a
time, it may be to help someone with a diffi-
cult problem, or a more simple matter of
assisting a boy to learn his Latin. When Fr.
Stevens is at home he too is available for
those who want to talk over things with one
who is not officially connected with the school.
The homes of the staff members, academic
or administrative, are accessible with per-
mission, for we cannot let these faithful
people be burdened all the time with visitors.
But the boys know that there is a family
circle to which they can be admitted.

Perhaps we should say more about our
aims at St. Andrew's, and there is no better
statement than that made on the first page of
our catalogue:

The purpose of St. Andrew's School
is to offer a Christian education, eighth
grade through high school, at the mini-
mum cost consistent with the highest
standards.

By Christian education we mean one
which encourages the growth of the
whole man — body, mind, and soul —
through a program that provides full-
time supervision and direction. Its ob-
jective is to develop and train the boys'



bodies and minds to their fullest capacity; to prepare them for their social and civic responsibilities; and, first and foremost, to make them aware of their eternal destiny as children of God, and to help them find in their specific vocations in this life a means to that end.

It is easy to see that we have set a noble objective before us that is to be worked out in all departments and phases of our school. In so doing a great deal of the responsibility is placed on the shoulders of the boys themselves. They do much of the work and the seniors supervise the jobs. Studies, athletics and recreation are all to be carried out in order to develop the whole boy.

The measure of success has been shown in part by the large re-enrollment of students from last year. Very few have dropped out, which meant that we had limited space for new ones. Added to this, we have a record number of enquiries and applications for new boys. Having taken every recruit that we can safely squeeze in, we still have a waiting list of about seventy-five.

Football practice started for those who are large enough for the varsity squad on Tues-

day, August 26. It was a beautiful late summer day, not too hot, but with a clear blue sky and the mountain air just suggesting a faint hint of fall. New and old, they came back at lunch time sore and stiff, but with gigantic appetites. Mrs. Crawford, the cetician, who has missed "her boys" all summer, can now stand and watch with pleasure the business-like dispatch of the food.

All during the last week of August boys came in at an accelerated rate until Labor Day when the last ones arrived. At last they were all in for the fifty-third academic year of St. Andrew's School. Following registration three days were devoted to testing programs. By the means of many standardised tests we were able to determine the strong and weak points of the students. In this way we know what type of help the boys should have so as to enable them to work at their highest capacity.

Meanwhile at the monastery the constant work of prayer is being offered. Through our Offices, Intercessions and highest of all, the Holy Eucharist, we hold up the needs and aspirations of these growing boys to the throne of the Most Highest.



The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

This year's St. Helena's Day fell during Long Retreat, we postponed the festival until Dedication Day on October 2 and enjoyed having many of our friends with us that day. From September 30th to October 1st Sister Josephine and Sister Mary Florence attended the Triennial Conference on the Religious Life in New York City. Then, on the 3rd and 4th of October, there was a Conference of Novice Masters and Mistresses of various Religious Communities here and at Holy Cross Monastery. Sister Mary Florence will conduct a Children's Mission at Pottsville, Penna., from the 11th to the 13th. On the 13th, Sister Clare will speak at the Woman's Auxiliary, Christ Church, New York, N. Y. The Woman's Auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, Brookfield Center, Conn., will come for a box lunch on the 14th. Over the weekend of the 17th-19th, students of Holyoke and Holyoke Colleges will come for a retreat. Sister Elisabeth will conduct a Children's Mission at St. Margaret's Church, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, from the 18th to the 26th. Members of Calvary Church, Philadelphia will come for a retreat from the 18th to the 26th. And from the 25th to the 28th, Sister Josephine will speak to various groups at St. Mary's Church, Asheville, S.C.

Sister Josephine has been appointed Assistant Superior of the Order of St. Helena. She will continue her duties as Prioress of the Mother House at New Windsor, N. Y., and as Novice Mistress.

Versailles Notes

The school year at Margaret Hall School started this year for the faculty on September 12th, when we began the annual pre-school Faculty Conference. The Rev. Vernon Robertson, of New Castle, Indiana, came to confer with us, and Mrs. Raymond Kemper, of the University of Louisville, shared with us the results of the work she did last year in academic guidance for our girls.

Seniors and sub-prefects arrived on the 16th, and did their usual good work in helping with the boarding school registration on the 17th. The 1958-1959 year seemed really to begin with Mass on the 18th for all the household.

Miss Freeland's Old Testament class, accompanied by other interested students and teachers, attended part of the Yom Kippur service at the Lexington Conservative Synagogue, as they often do. The Rabbi and other members of the congregation were generous in showing and explaining all parts of the synagogue and of the service.



Book Reviews



BY SYDNEY ATKINSON, O.H.C.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF EDUCATION, edited by Edmund Fuller. (Yale University Press: New Haven, 1957) pp. 265. Cloth. \$4.00.

As was reported in *The Holy Cross Magazine* at the time, Kent School observed its 50th Anniversary in 1955 and the celebrations were stretched out over the whole year. The highlight of all the events was the seminar on The Christian Idea of Education, for which some 500 guests congregated over the Thanksgiving Day weekend, representing some 200 schools and colleges.

The speakers were outstanding and came from diverse Christian traditions. Seldom has there been brought together such a brilliant and diversified panel of lecturers: Fr. William Pollard, who acted as chairman, is an Episcopal priest and nuclear physicist; Dr. E. Harris Harbison is a Professor of History at Princeton and a Protestant layman; Alan Paton, an Anglican layman, is the well-known author from South Africa; Dr. Massey Shepherd is an Episcopal priest and liturgist; Fr. John C. Murray is a member of the Society of Jesus and professor of theol-

ogy at Woodstock College, Md.; Dr. Jacques Maritain, A Roman Catholic layman, is a world renowned philosopher and professor emeritus at Princeton; Fr. Georges Florovsky is a Russian Orthodox priest and eminent theologian who is now associated with the Harvard Divinity School; and Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, an ordained minister in the Evangelical Synod of North America, is a well-known philosopher, writer and lecturer at Union Theological Seminary, New York city.

I had the privilege of attending this seminar and need hardly say that all of us who were there were enthralled at the idea of sitting at the feet of such giants. But we all had a chance to chip in too at daily group meetings which were also attended by one or more of the lecturers. Some of these discussions were most helpful and exciting. Stenotyped notes were taken at many of the group discussions and excerpts are also printed in this volume.

It is hard to give an adequate idea of the wealth of content in this book. Alan Paton, with beautiful phraseology, emphasized the individual in the scheme of education. Both Dr. Pollard and Dr. Niebuhr lay stress on the idea of our twofold heritage from the Greeks and the Hebrews; although Fr. Murray questions this. It was interesting to hear the acclaim that Origen got from a Jesuit; this is in Fr. Murray's paper which deals primarily with the history of education. Fr. Florovsky presents a moving lecture on the relation between Christianity and culture—which, after all, must be considered if we are going to have any education at all.

Total agreement and nicely wrapped-up solutions are not produced; but this is one of the most stimulating books you can hope to get. As a matter of fact, there is something of a wrapping-up accomplished by Bishop Bayne of Olympia. This was done in his address given on Prize Day at the end of Kent's Fiftieth Year and it constitutes the ninth and final chapter of the book. It is entitled *God Is the Teacher*.

There is such a superabundance of paperbacks these days, as you can see in any bookstore, railway station or drug store. In fact it is overwhelming. But there are some good ones. The Meridian Books, Inc., 17 Union Square, New York 3, N. Y., have been producing some very fine works in the paperback; some are reprints; some are new. Here are a few we recommend:

RELIGION AND CULTURE, by *Christopher Dawson*. pp. 225. \$1.25.

This book contains his Gifford Lectures delivered at the University of Edinburgh in 1947. It is numbered M53.

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL and THE WORLD AND THE WEST, by *Arnold Toynbee*. M53. pp. 348. \$1.45. There is also an appendix which contains the argument of *A Study of History*, by D. C. Somervell.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Essays by M. C. D'Arcy, S.J., Maurice Blondel, Christopher Dawson, Etienne Gilson, Jacques Maritain, C. C. Martindale, S.J., Erich Przywara, S.J., John Baptist Reeves, O.P., B. Roland-Gosselin, and E. I. Watkin. pp. 367. \$1.35. A veritable mine of riches about our patron saint.

MYSTICISM EAST AND WEST, by *Rudolf Otto*. pp. 262. \$1.35. This is Living Age Book 14. A wonderful study in comparison of the ways of Catholicism, Protestantism, Buddhism, etc., by the author of the famous book *The Idea of the Holy*.

DOSTOEVSKY, by *Nicholas Berdyaev*. pp. 227. \$1.25. LA15.

Fr. Atkinson, former Executive Editor, completes his offices as Book Reviewer with this issue. He has returned to duties at the Holy Cross Liberian Mission. We are grateful for his analyses and criticisms.



An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Oct. -- Nov. -- 1958

- 6 Thursday G Mass of Trinity xix—for the peace of the world
- 7 St Etheldreda V Simple W gl—for the Sisters of the Holy Name
- 8 St Luke Evangelist Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for all Church hospitals
- 9 20th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl cr pref of Trinity—for Mt Calvary Priory
- 0 Monday G Mass of Trinity xx—for all who serve the sick
- 1 St Hilarion Ab Simple W gl—for the Confraternity of the Love of God
- 2 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity xx—for the Seminarists Associate
- 3 Thursday G Mass of Trinity xx—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross
- 4 St Raphael Archangel Gr Double W gl cr—for the divine guidance to the United Nations
- 5 Of St Mary Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
- 6 Feast of Christ the King Double I Cl W gl col 2) Trinity xxi cr prop pref—for the Servants of Christ the King
- 7 Monday G Mass of Trinity xxi—for devotion to the Guardian Angels
- 8 SS Simon and Jude App Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the Bishops administering the discipline of the Church
- 9 Martyrs of Uganda Double R gl—for the African Bishops and missions
- 0 Thursday G Mass of Trinity xxi—for chaplains and all in the armed forces
- 1 Vigil of All Saints V—for the All Saints Sisters of the Poor

NOVEMBER 1 All Saints' Day Double I Cl W gl cr prop pref through the Octave unless otherwise directed—*thanksgiving for the Communion of Saints*

- 2 22nd Sunday after Trinity Double G gl col 2) All Saints cr pref of Trinity—for candidates and elections
- 3 All Souls' Day Double I Cl B Masses of Requiem one col seq at principal Mass prop pref—for the faithful departed
- 4 St Charles Borromeo Double W gl col 2) All Saints cr—for the Oblates and Priests Associate
- 5 St Elizabeth Mother SJB Double W gl col 2) All Saints cr—for the Sisters of St John the Baptist
- 6 Thursday W of All Saints gl cr—for the Guild of All Souls
- 7 St Willibrord BC Double W gl col 2) All Saints cr—for the Old Catholic Church
- 8 Octave of All Saints Gr Double W—in honor of Saints of the Anglican Communion
- 9 23rd Sunday after Trinity Double G gl cr pref of Trinity—*thanksgiving for the maintenance of peace*
- 0 Monday G Mass of Trinity xxii—for the blind
- 1 St Martin BC Double W gl—for just peace
- 2 Wednesday G Mass of Trinity xxii—for the sick, invalids, needy
- 3 Thursday G Mass of Trinity xxii—for the Community of St Mary
- 4 Bestowal of the Episcopate Gr Double W gl cr—for the Episcopal Church in Scotland
- 5 St Albert the Great BCD Double W gl cr—for Theologians
- 6 24th Sunday after Trinity Double G gl col 2) St Edmund Rich BC cr pref of Trinity—for the American Church Union

... Press Notes ...

I am not the only one who writes a column about fishing in a Church magazine. I noticed that the Editor of *The Living Church* had a good one in an August issue, and I enjoyed reading it. But he got in the fishing; I have not so far this season—and the season is about over. However Hope is a fisherman's great characteristic. He calls on that and uses a bit of patience and optimism and some day he gets out and lands the BIG one. If not this season then the next.

Last month Fr. Atkinson, O.H.C., reviewed the book *THINKING OF ROME? THINK TWICE*, by H. R. Alley, and he stated that Holy Cross Press would stock this for sale in the United States. We are now ready for 100 customers. 50¢ per copy plus 6¢ postage. For those who are interested in the "Roman Question" this is another

helpful presentation of facts on the infallibility of the Pope.

Very frequently we have inquiries about medals, rosaries and religious cards. We cannot handle these items and must refer inquirers to one of our advertisers—Sisters of St. Mary. See their ad on the inside of front cover. The Sisters tell me they receive many orders through this Holy Cross Magazine advertising, so remember them when you need cards as well as rosaries.

Holy Cross Press is sharing in the dispersal of the scope of the work of The Order of the Holy Cross in a booth at General Convention. The Manager is helping out and hopes he will have some really good news about happenings there for his column shortly after Convention.



BISHOP CAMPBELL'S BOOK

WITHIN THE GREEN WALL

The Story of Holy Cross Liberian Mission 1922-1957

240 pages. Illustrated

Paper — \$2.00

Cloth — \$3.25